

guished from those he has as chief executive. In the exercise of the former he is limited only by the usages and customs of war; for the exercise of the latter he must look to the grants and limitations of the Constitution and to the authority given him by acts of Congress. In his last chapter entitled "After the War," Ex-Senator Sutherland takes a measurably advanced ground with reference to military "preparedness;" and with regard to avoiding war is of opinion that "we shall, in the long run, secure better and more lasting results by a gradual extension of the principles and plans already initiated by the Hague Conferences than by adopting the more ambitious and more adventurous plan now suggested for the League of Nations, including as its distinguishing feature the use of some form of international force."

The volume embodies the lectures given in 1918 at Columbia University on the Blumenthal Foundation.

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*Belgium.* By BRAND WHITLOCK. (New York: D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes.)

In the summer of 1917 I had the good luck to spend part of a day with Mr. and Mrs. Brand Whitlock at Havre. Our distinguished minister had never looked better; the haggard, strained expression about his eyes which had been so noticeable in Brussels had disappeared; his color was good, and his tall thin figure seemed almost athletic as he strode up the gravel path, thrust open the garden gate, and greeted us. Of course he was writing a book—the book, we suggested. For America's entrance into the war meant, for Mr. Whitlock at least, opportunity to take a well-earned rest and to write. The crushing diplomatic burden which he had borne in Brussels since August, 1914, had slipped easily from his shoulders. A mile or two away, at Sainte Adresse—the Nice of Havre, as guidebooks say—perched on a rocky shelf above the gray Atlantic, the exiled Belgian government had taken root. But Mr. Whitlock's official duties were few and not onerous, and it is to this fortunate circumstance that we owe the volumes before us.

It is now five years since the Germans invaded Belgium, where Mr. Whitlock's narrative begins; it is two years and a half since America declared war, where the narrative ends. Yet the news he brings us is not stale. Other men have told us parts of his story, but he alone has told us the whole of it, and it is a story which will never grow old.

The volumes are dedicated to Albert I, King of the Belgians, and the opening chapters show us that heroic sovereign riding like a medieval knight through a confused pageant of people springing to arms. But this first fine military phase passed like sunset at the coming of the gray German hordes, and the deepening night of the Belgian captivity almost obliterates the impression made by those earliest days. In Mr. Whitlock's narrative the ante-bellum springtime, when men danced on the verge of the pit, and even the first acts and thoughts of the courageous little Belgian facing the invader seem tragically remote and unreal. One reads them wonderingly. Already they seem like legends of the end of a golden age, clustered about the person of a young and knightly king.

I have said that the story of the Belgian captivity almost obliterates the impression of these earlier chapters. It was a peculiarity of Belgium's sufferings that their horror increased with mathematical precision. The atrocities of the first weeks, at which the conscience of the world cried out, were only straws which showed which way the tempest was to blow; and step by step, page by page, Mr. Whitlock traces the martyrdom of the nation from the burning of Visé and Louvain, and the horrors at Aerschot, Dinant, Andenne and Tamines, down through the fall of Antwerp, through the coming of starvation and its alleviation by Hoover's Commission for Relief in Belgium, through the execution of Miss Cavell, through von Bissing's clumsy attempts to divide Walloons from Flemings, through the organization of economic press gangs, deportations, organized thefts, slavery, and finally to the ghastly hacking up of Belgium into two distinct nations in an endeavor to kill the last vestiges of national pride and hope. The volumes are written with admirable self-restraint and avoidance of the dramatic, yet they are a crescendo of horror.

Detailed study of them shows flaws, of course. Mr. Whitlock has an awkward habit of congesting his pages with first-hand evidence of the atrocities at Louvain and Tamines, for instance, or the tedious documentation of the Belgian advocates' fight for liberty. Anecdotes which would lose no point by translation are given in full in French; and too much care is paid to furnishing us with complete lists of the high-sounding but meaningless names of titled nobodies among "those present" at state dinners and other functions. A friendly critic could have used the blue pencil to advantage on sections having only lyrical interest, and would have called Mr. Whitlock's attention to the need of greater emphasis on those having great and enduring historical signifi-

cance—the work of the Belgian Relief Commission, to pick only one example. Against the tragic background of a nation enchained it is perhaps expecting too much to wish for more vivid characterizations of the King and of Cardinal Mercier, of Hoover, and von Bissing, and von der Lancken, and Emile Francqui; but at least one portrait is perfectly satisfying and is drawn with masterly skill. It is the portrait of Mr. Whitlock's faithful friend and colleague in Brussels, the Marquis of Villalobar, Spanish Minister to Belgium.

Twenty years ago we were at war with Spain. By the irony or the benignity of fate the only diplomatic representatives who remained in Brussels when the Belgian government withdrew and the Germans came were the ministers of neutral Spain and neutral America, and by singular good fortune they were warm friends and mutually complementary in their characters. It is probably natural that the American press should have ignored the existence of the Spanish minister, but Mr. Whitlock handsomely atones for their neglect. The kind, humorous, skillful Don, so wise and so shrewd, so indefatigable and effective, passes and repasses through these pages. He, like Mr. Whitlock, was a patron of the Hoover commission, and these books are final evidence that his services were invaluable. The friendship and perfect collaboration of these two men was more than a stroke of good luck; it seems like a stroke of fate.

In closing this brief review it is a pleasure to compliment the publishers on the distinguished appearance of the volumes.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT.

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*The Canadian Budgetary System.* By H. G. VILLARD and W. W. WILLOUGHBY. (The Institute for Government Research. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1918. Pp. 282.)

The authors of this, the third of the "Studies in Administration" conducted by the Institute for Government Research, belong to that rare class of social investigators who have something of the chemist's opportunity of isolating his phenomena. The first of the Institute's excellent studies had shown the British financial system to be far superior to that of the United States, and indeed, from the point of view of actual efficiency and of conformity to the requirements of popular government, the most successful in the world. The existence in Canada of the British system in its main features provided an excel-